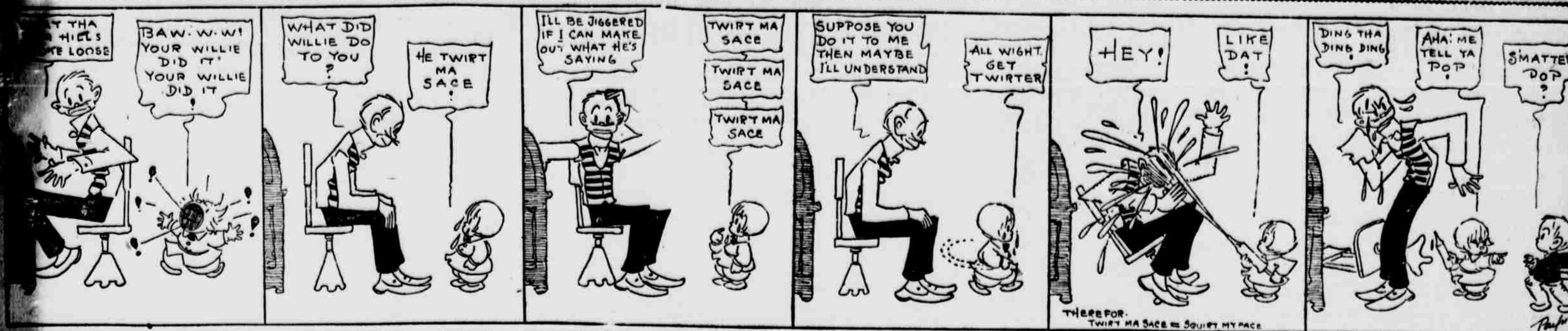
"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

"Steve"

Too Mean to Live.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

WHAT Arnold Daly, or any one else, for that matter, can see in "Steve," is beyond me. A more unendurable, exasperating play than the one inflicted upon an indulgent audience at the Harris Theatre on Saturday night has seldom been seen. It was like something that had been dragged in from a back-alley and quite unworthy of the actor who played the despicable youth.

Realism has its place on the stage, yet no author can afford to forget that it must have something to lift it out of the muck. That John T. McIntyre, in his first play, has failed to realize this all-important fact was emphasized again and again on Saturday night.

For Mr. Daly there can be no excuse without an apology to the artistic sense that has hitherto distinguished him. By chewing gum industriously and talking out of one corner of his mouth he probably did his best to get into the character of Steve, yet the spectacle he presented was merely that of a good actor gone wrong in his judgment. There may, of course, be something in the changes of management that have become chronic with this unmanageable actor, but making every allowance for the eccentricities of supposed genius cannot by any means reconcile us to "Steve."

Arnold Daly as Steve.

Leaving "Steve" entirely out of the question, the acting—considering Mr. Daly's usual skill in giving a play intelligent stage direction—was amazingly bad. Even Mr. Daly himself overacted in his desperate efforts to make Steve stand out. Ten years ago he could have played Steve as well, if not better, than he did on Saturday night. In his possible willingness to return to first principles he had nothing to gain and everything to lose. His one hope for artistic salvation lay in the low cunning of the contemptible youth who took all but his mother's last dollar, put up a job to rob his honest, hard-working brother of $600, and then gave the girl he had promised to marry a pat on the back for her effort to earn part of the money she believed he had stolen.

Under these circumstances any man might find it hard to keep his seat in the theatre. In the strength of his ability Mr. Daly put a bold and smirking face on the unpleasant situation. With no opportunity to play for sympathy, he openly defied it. He contented himself with making Steve not only a yellow dog but a low-down cur. While his courage may be admired, even his best friend must admit there is nothing in Steve to warrant this dangerous experiment. There are some things that go against the grain of the most friendly audience and Steve is not a big enough character to counteract this feeling.

Mr. McIntyre evidently lost sight of this fact in writing "Steve." The next time he takes up his unpracticed pen he will probably realize that it is well to dip it into less sordid depths of life. There can be no possible dramatic interest in a character that would rob a child's bank—and this is exactly what Steve would do if he were given the chance. The only thing he doesn't do is to strike Molly in the face after she has influenced his big brother Tom to "leave" him.

In accomplishing this thankless task Miss Josephine Victor yowled with lung power. Her sentimental moments, when as Molly she had a wedding-journey vision of Niagara Falls, were equally trying. Her earlier yell of "STEVE!" when that eligible youth suggested there might be no legal excuse for the contemplated trip suggested that Molly had already approached something more dangerous than Niagara Falls. But this proved to be a false alarm sounded by Miss Victor out of the fullness of her lungs.

Josephine Victor as Molly.

Miss Julia Walcott, as Steve's mother, also raised her voice to unnecessary heights, yet on the whole she both looked and acted the part very well. Alphonz Ethier made Tom so distressingly "good" that he got on my nerves. His monotonous drawl may have been just what Daly ordered, but it was wholly out of place in a New York flat.

Aside from the fact that Mr. McIntyre's first play is crude and wearisome, "Steve" is too mean to live.

The Day's Good Stories

His Luck.

IN one of the mines of Pennsylvania there was a cave-in, which imprisoned a miner named Jack Thornton. The accident happened on Friday afternoon, and the fellow laborers of the entombed man set to work at once to dig him out. It was not until Sunday morning, however, that they reached his prison chamber, and by this time they were wondering whether he had been suffocated or starved to death. One of them stuck his head through the aperture made by the picks of the rescuers and called out:

"Jack, are you all right?"

"All right," came the reply, and then after a pause: "What day is this?"

"Sunday," answered the friend.

"Gee!" exclaimed Jack. "I'm glad of that. That was one Saturday night when those saloon-keepers didn't get my wages!"—Popular Magazine.

Often True.

SIGNOR MARCONI, in an interview in Washington, praised American democracy.

"Over here," he said, "you respect a man for what he is himself—not for what his family is—and this you remind me of the gardener in Bologna who helped me with my first wireless apparatus.

"As my grandmother's gardener and I were working on my apparatus together a young count joined us one day, and while he watched us work the count boasted of his lineage.

"The gardener, after listening a long while, smiled and said:

"'If you come from an ancient family, it's so much worse for you, sir; for, as we gardeners say, the older the seed, the worse the crop.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Adams's Wit.

PROFESSOR ADAMS of Cambridge University, England, who discovered the Planet Neptune, was a distinguished proof that a man may have his head among the clouds and still keep a ready wit for mundane occasions.

At a dinner of the Philosophical Society one of the company was concluding an after-dinner speech about the activities of the society for the last year. He pointed to the book of the proceedings lying on the table near him, adding:

"But of all the proceedings this year, gentlemen, you will agree with me that one of the best is this (waving his hand at the assembled diners) philosophical proceeding."

"Illustrated with plates!" flashed out Professor Adams to his neighbor at table.—Cornhill Magazine.

Wanted, An Optimist.

A FIFTH AVENUE MAN had been trying to get some literary work for a literary friend, and he finally found a publisher who looked favorable.

"Yes," said the publisher, "I can give your friend literary work."

"Thanks; he's a good man."

"But find out is he an optimist or a pessimist?"

"What difference does that make?"

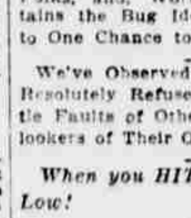
"Makes a deal of difference. I can't use a pessimist. I want a man to edit a spring seed catalogue."—Pittsburg Post.

O. Heeza Boob!

Cheer Up, Cuthbert!

By Clarence L. Cullen.

BEGIN Right at "Reveille" and you'll Have Nothing to Regret at "Retreat!"



C. L. CULLEN

The Trouble about Stubbing our Toe is that Sepsis is Liable to Set In!

It's Fine to be Unafraid Before the Fight, but it's Better to be Undismayed if the Battle goes Against you!

One of the Finest Fellers we Ever Knew was a Six-Mule Freighter in New Mexico who, when the Knockers got Clacky about Some Poor Dub, infallibly Stuck in the Quiet Little Remark: "Let 'im alone—he's Doin' th' Best he Kin!"

Our Idea of the Short-Ballasted Zig is the One who Quarrels with Woman Folks, and, Worse than That Entertains the Bug Idea he's Got a Billion to One Chance to Win!

We've Observed that the Rums who Resolutely Refuse to Overlook the Little Faults of Others are Class-A Overlookers of Their Own Big Delinquences!

When you HIT Low you BECOME Low!

The "Peace that Passeth Understanding" never Nests in the Heart of the Man who is At War with Himself!

Once we Knew a Debonnair Gambler (NOT of the TIN-CAN Species) in San Francisco who Only Wore his Reserve Stock of Top-Notch Togs when he was Absolutely Flat-Broke—and there may be Some Connection between this and the Fact that he's a Multi-Millionaire in Guatamala To-Day!

There's a Certain Kind of so-termed Patience that's Mere Drifting with the Tide!

Once a Zig gets the Idea firmly Riveted in his Bean that it's Perfectly Possible to be a Good Fellow without also Being a Profligate, he's off on the right Foot!

"The Luck" has Got so many Callouses now from Being Cussed Out that he Doesn't Mind that Inutile Comedy a Little Bit!

To Match.

FROM the Department of Agriculture a New Mexico homesteader received a quantity of dwarf milo maize seed with a request to plant it and report the result. Here is his report: "Mr. Wilson: Dear Sir—I planted your dwarf maize and it did fine. It was the dwarfest maize I ever saw. But the jack rabbits ate it as fast as it got ripe. Please send another lot of seed and send along a lot of dwarf jack rabbits to match the maize."

The Mystery Solved.

Bilks—It's really remarkable, but I never saw a man so fond of entertaining as Mr. Henpeck is.

Short—It's not strange at all; you see, his wife is only civil to him when there's company in the house.

Household Electrics

By Stephen L. Coles

Where Tungsten Comes From.

TUNGSTEN is a chemical element used, among other purposes, for making the filaments of the latest types of incandescent lamps. It is found in many parts of the world but usually in small and uncertain deposits. About half of the world's supply is gathered in the United States and a very large percentage of this comes from Boulder County. Here the deposits are the purest known and are practically inexhaustible.

A whole mountainside is covered with the tungsten ore. Much of this is 70 per cent. pure. The ore is black and lies in long windrows on the surface, resembling, at a distance, piles of coal running up the mountain. The earlier types of tungsten filaments were very brittle and many lamps were broken by a slight jar that would not in the least have disturbed a carbon filament. This fault has now been overcome so that the tungsten filament is as stable as the carbon kind.

The average tungsten lamp has a life of about 1,000 hours, gives a brilliant white light and is from three to four times as efficient as the carbon filament lamp. Its general use is growing very rapidly, as the saving it effects in the amount of current necessary to produce a given quantity of light soon pays for the lamp.

Handy Household Motor.

WHAT might be called a "general utility" motor will be found to be a great convenience about the house. It will save a great deal of what is now rough work and can be obtained in a size which can be operated at an expense of about one cent an hour. With a few extra appliances such a motor can be used in the home for these purposes: Running the sewing machine, polishing the silver, grinding the knives, removing cooking odors, forcing heat into cold rooms, running a boy's lathe or scroll saw, or operating any small power appliance.

Economical Reflectors.

REFLECTORS that may be attached to any electric light, called asymmetrical reflectors, may now be obtained. Their purpose is to throw the bulk of the light from the lamp in one direction. They are especially useful in illuminating long halls, for throwing light into closets, in the bathroom for shaving, or wherever more light is needed in a certain spot. Where such reflectors are employed a smaller lamp may be used, thus cutting down the cost of current.

Electric Broilers.

THERE are several good kinds of electric broilers on the market, and it would be well to investigate them all before purchasing. In one type the upright heating elements are placed in the side walls and a high temperature is almost instantly obtainable. In another type the meat is broiled in its own juice upon a gridiron having ribs or ridges. A small steak may be broiled in six minutes. The cost for current to operate a broiler ranges from 3 to 12 cents an hour.

The Diamonds

By J. S. Fletcher

Romance of a Hoard of Missing Jewels and the Mystery Which Followed Them

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Vasalli, Lindsay and Lal Dass have stolen a priceless diamond necklace and hidden it in a carved box. Vasalli leaves the box as security with an innkeeper and is sent to prison. Lindsay and Lal Dass discover the box, kill the pawnbroker and steal it. Lindsay kills Lal Dass and is killed by Vasalli, who has escaped from prison. Two prison guards, Hollins and Lloyd, find and kill Vasalli and secure the jewels. Hollins murders Lloyd and soon after dies. A Castleford mover named Finney finds the diamonds on him and hides them in a bureau. Finney meets an accidental death and his effects go by will to Theresa Driscoll, a milliner. Miss Driscoll finds the diamonds and plans to go to Ireland with them. Ninian Baxendale and Dick Claye, two crooks, who know she is carrying the diamonds to Ireland, disguise themselves as clergymen and rob her. Claye escapes with the booty and induces Joe Kilner, a saloon keeper, to hide him. Baxendale finds Claye and is killed. Kilner murders Claye and goes with his diamonds to a Welsh village, where he changes his name to Keene. There he meets an old police acquaintance, who makes inquiries.

CHAPTER XVII.
News From Dublin.

"YOU said that from the time Baxendale, in his disguise, was seen to enter Kilner's saloon he was never seen again," said Richardson.

"Yes, that is so—he never was seen again," replied Davidson.

"No, and I'll tell you why," said Nicholson, nodding his head. "You didn't know, and nobody knew—here, at any rate—that Kilner was an old friend of Claye's, and had been in his employ in Yorkshire. Claye, while you were looking for him, would be in hiding at Kilner's."

"What would you suggest?" asked Davidson.

"I think," replied Nicholson, "I should like to examine that house in Lower Abbey Street."

The search was made. Next day "Keene" was arrested on a charge of murder.

After making full confession he committed suicide.

Miss Driscoll, meantime, had bought an Irish estate and had lived there in great comfort and happiness with her companion, Miss O'Leary. At Kingston one summer they chanced to meet Sir Octavius Burke, K. C. B.

Miss Driscoll began to think Sir Octavius a decidedly nice man. Sir Octavius had long since decided that Miss Driscoll was as fine a woman for her age (she had confided the exact truth as to that little matter to him in a confidential moment wherein Miss O'Leary had gone in search of Miss Driscoll's needlework) as a woman possibly could be.

One fine morning Miss Driscoll and Miss O'Leary, having breakfasted, repaired to the garden of the hotel with their sunshades, their fancy work and newspapers. Miss Driscoll opened the Irish Times, and at the sweetest moment of Miss O'Leary's meditations Miss Driscoll uttered nothing less than a scream and let the paper drop on the gravelled walk.

"The diamonds!" she exclaimed.

She pointed to a column which was headed in heavy black letters, "Strange Sequel to a Dublin Mystery," and pushed the newspaper over to her companion to read.

The story which was unfolded in the newspaper was that of the Lower Abbey street tragedy, of the disappearance of the diamonds, of the subsequent detection of Kilner and of the latter's arrest and suicide. The robbery of the diamonds from a lady's person during the lady's residence at a Dublin hotel was referred to, but the lady's name was not given.

Within the hour Miss Driscoll and Miss O'Leary were shown into Inspector Davidson's office. He seemed somewhat surprised to see them, but he made no remark until they had seated themselves.

"Why, Miss Driscoll," he exclaimed, "you must have come by one of those new airships they're talking about. It's only an hour since I wired to you, and here you are. That's quick work from Limerick."

"I haven't come from Limerick," said Miss Driscoll, rather acidly. "I am staying at Kingston, and I saw the article in the Irish Times, and so I naturally came straight to you. I want my diamond necklace, Mr. Davidson—or what is left of it. I hear it's been pretty badly treated; it's had its history."

The inspector sighed, too, and, unlocking a safe, took out a small packet. He laid it on the desk before him and looked at Miss Driscoll and sighed again.

"Yes," he said, "about half the stones are gone, Miss Driscoll. And as you say, it's had its history. If that thing were mine," he continued, with some show of sentiment, "I should throw it into the sea. I shouldn't like to have it about me after knowing where it's been."

"Oh, fudge, man," said Miss Driscoll. "What do I care about where it's been? It isn't alive—it can't talk. And diamonds are diamonds."

"Yes," said the inspector dubiously. "And I've heard that some of these precious stones have malign influences. I don't know enough about such things to be able to express an opinion on such a point, but the history of that necklace would incline me to believe it.

"If you've read that article in the papers you'll know that nothing but crime had dogged the fortunes of these diamonds ever since they came into your possession. I suppose you ladies will wear anything in the shape of gems," he continued, with a sly glance at Miss O'Leary, "but I wouldn't like to wear anything that has been where that necklace was for a while—round the body of a corpse that was being worried by sewer rats. Ugh!"

"Did you ever hear of such sickly sentiment?" exclaimed Miss Driscoll. "What do I care about rats? Rats don't eat diamonds. Let me see what the human rats have done at them, Mr. Davidson. I'm like all women—I want to see my property."

The inspector smiled a little wearily as he undid the wrappings of the parcel. He took out the mutilated necklace and laid it on his desk. Miss Driscoll and Miss O'Leary left their chairs and drew near to examine it. Davidson laid a hand on it as the impatient owner was about to take it up.

"One moment, Miss Driscoll," he said. "I suppose there's no doubt whatever that the diamond necklace is your property?"

"My property?" said Miss Driscoll. "You know it's my property."

"That's just what I dont know," answered Davidson. "I know it was in your possession on the night of the robbery at North Wall, and I know how it came to be in your possession. But how did the man Finney come to get hold of it?"

"What have I to do with that?" said Miss Driscoll. "It's neither here nor there."

"Yes," said Davidson, rising and retaining his grasp on the necklace. "It's both here and there. Miss Driscoll, you'll pardon me, but this necklace was stolen from its real owner some years ago. Its real owner has turned up this morning and established his claim by indisputable evidence. He's in the next room—he wishes to see you."

As he spoke, Davidson threw open the door of the inner apartment and revealed the face and figure of Sir Octavius Burke.

CHAPTER XVIII.
Sir Octavius Burke.

SIR OCTAVIUS walked into the room bowing and smiling to the two ladies, one of whom at least was too much astonished to respond to bows or smiles or to the polite salute with which she was greeted.

Miss Driscoll, indeed, felt that an earthquake would have been a mild thing compared with this; she was suddenly turned into a statue, incapable of anything; she saw Davidson close the door, come back to his desk and take his seat; she heard him invite Sir Octavius Burke to take a chair; she saw the baronet politely motioning her to seat herself, but she saw and heard as a statue might.

When her faculties came back to her with a sudden rush, forceful as an Alpine alvanche, she burst out with one word delivered pointblank at Sir Octavius.

"You?"

Sir Octavius bowed again in his most polite manner.

"I fear," he said, "that there is no doubt—shall I say no possible doubt, whatever, Miss O'Leary?—that the diamond necklace is mine, Miss Driscoll. Suppose you take a seat and listen to the story of the diamonds? It will interest you—and it is right you should know it."

But Miss Driscoll was not yet in a proper state to listen to anything. She stared at Sir Octavius, at Miss O'Leary, at Inspector Davidson—she stared at the four walls of the rooms, one after the other, as if she were not quite certain of her surroundings. Miss O'Leary began to look alarmed.

"Teresa," she said soothingly, "Take it gently—and sensibly, Teresa."

The word sensibly recalled the last of Miss Driscoll's scattered faculties. She glanced at her companion and sank into the chair which Sir Octavius was holding for her.

"Sensibly!" she exclaimed. "Gracious goodness, Fanny O'Leary, what are you talking about? As if I should ever do anything that wasn't sensible! Sensibly indeed! I wish everybody was as full of common sense as I am. No, no, I'll take it with all the sense in the world, but goodness me—to think that it's him!"

She indicated Sir Octavius with an outstretched finger as if he had been a wax work figure. Sir Octavius bowed and smiled.

"And why not me, Miss Driscoll?" he said, regardless of exactitude of language. "Why not me, my dear lady? There is nothing strange, I hope, in the fact that I was once the possessor of a very fine necklace of diamonds which, alas! has passed through many vicissitudes and is now—equally alas!—not so valuable as it was. I think there is nothing strange in that, my dear Miss Driscoll."

"No," replied Miss Driscoll, "perhaps not. But still—and how do I know that they are yours?" she suddenly exclaimed. "I wouldn't doubt your word, Sir Octavius, for all the diamonds in the world, but I should like to know positively that these diamonds are yours—it's due to me to be assured of that fact."

(To Be Continued)